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Letter from Jane W. Cary, Wellesley, Massachusetts to Mrs. Wren B. Cary, Windsor, Connecticut, 1911 or 1912

Jane W. Cary

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CAUTION!

SUBJECT:

Don't read this unless you can
take a day off or read it piece I
meal; it will keep!

HARTFORD.

Miscellaneous

ANSWERING YOURS OF

BY MR.

Tuesday

Well I'm here again. Registered just four minutes of one, but it is much more exciting to do that way than have plenty of time. Helen and Papa have probably told you all, how Mr. Curtis got on the train at Wind- sor. He scared us nearly to pieces saying that he was going to jump off, that he always did and so was used to it. He rode to Hayden's Station and then left. We thought probably Mrs. Curtis was going to drive up to meet him.

We had half an hour to wait in Springfield. There we saw lots of the girls and I talked to Pauline Miller, the girl you and I met in Hills, Mommy. I spoke of how queer we should happen to meet and she said it was queerer how she looked around - they had been looking at hats and consequently were noticing all they saw. When her mother saw mine she said, "There is a good looking hat," and Pauline wanted to see what the front was like so turned around and saw it was I. I thought that was quite a compliment to our taste.

When the train was made up we went out and got in the special car for us. It was funny to watch the trainman keep others out; one man came in as unconcerned as could be and sat down. Then the trainman came in and said "Special car;" you ought to have seen the look on his face, he looked so surprised when he glanced around and realized he was the only man.

We had another funny time. Two girls from East Hartford, one from Farmington and Thelma and I all sat around and fooled together. I was sitting on the arm of one of the seats by the girls when Lois Hugler (one from East Hartford), took my pen from my coat without my knowing it. Then they made up an excuse for me to write something, so I naturally looked for my pen. I thought I had dropped it and was looking all over when the newsman came in and asked me what I had lost; I said "my fountain pen"; in a second he was down on his hands and knees looking under all the seats. The girls sat there and laughed till they cried and when they thought he had looked about enough they said, "why here it is," and they had had it all the time, we had a good laugh over it, even if the laugh was on me.

All I had this afternoon was gym but I thought I could get some studying done but alas, for that, right after vacation, Sarah came in and told me all about her experiences in Brooklyn then when she had gone Lois telephoned and said she was going to drop in to say Hello, right after dinner. When I came back from dinner my trunk was here, so I unpacked and talked to her at the same time. Nothing was a bit messed and my alcohol bottle unbroken, so I am glad. It makes a difference in the appearance of things whether the trunk arrives the same day or after five or six.

SUBJECT:

To HARTFORD,

II

Ditto

ANSWERING YOURS OF

BY MR.

That ends this eventful day. I wish I were going to get into my little bed at home, but I suppose we appreciate our blessings all the more if we are deprived of some of them at times. Didn't I have a nice vacation though? I think it was very satisfactory some way. I cleaned up some of my clothes, I have some new ones, had fun at home and "abroad," didn't get cross very much and was rested. Mrs. Swallow says I look very much rested so it must be true. One of the first things Elizabeth said to me was, "Not quite nine weeks before summer vacation, we'd been counting it up," so Papa was about right when he said eight.

Goodnight now, all you dear, good people.

Wednesday

I'm getting back into the old routine again, but it is sort of hard at first. My, but I was glad to get your letter when "Twinkle" came this morning. Mommy. Thank you for the money, you are so good to me. I always feel the worst the first morning after I'm back, right after breakfast it seems to strike me, so your letter was very, very welcome, not that they aren't always but you know what I mean. We have had to do the washing of glasses and silver and setting tables since we've been back. Mrs. Stone had a new maid just before we left to take Abigail's sister's place. She is here but Mrs. Stone has no one as yet to take the place of our

beloved (??!!) friend Cecelia, of course it would be impossible for any one to take her place, but someone who assumes her duties (that's labeled - ^{irony} sarcasm.)

Last night Lois asked me if I didn't want to run over and see her mother a few minutes this afternoon just to say "Hello," so I did. Lois was there and made judge for me. It was good too. They invited me to a concert at the Congregational church to-morrow night; said they had a ticket and would like me to go with them. So I'm going to get my studying done early and go. I think it was good of them to ask me. I told Mrs. Durant & Lois you sent your love to them, Helen, and they sent some back. I don't dare send too much, however, for fear postage would be too great.

Here it is half past ten, I suppose I'd be asleep if I were home, so I'll make believe I am. Goodnight everybody.

Thursday.

Been hurrying all day. Tonight I went to a concert at the church with Lois and her mother. It was very good, but I'm afraid I don't care for music enough to like it unless it's quite extraordinary. She asked me over to dinner, but I had to refuse, as Mrs. Stone needs my bright and shining countenance over at her place. I had a little French to do after I came back so if I don't stop I won't get to bed before morning. ate one of the oranges you gave me, Mommy, in bed last night and it did taste fine. Jane.

ANSWERING YOURS OF

BY MR.

Friday.

My, when I ate my lunch to-day, I wished I were eating the cardines you gave me, Dickie instead of Mrs. Stone's horrible little fishes. I had begun to wonder if I liked cardines as much as I used to, and when I had those at your office I was thoroughly convinced that I did. I guess Mrs. Stone gets 10 cans for five cents or something like that.

I have just been writing an outline on Matthew Arnold's essay "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" and it nearly quered me - such depth is beyond me. I've just finished it after spending the whole afternoon on it, and I still have a few minutes before dinner. It is raining real hard, but I don't care, nothing matters much as long as it was so pleasant during vacation. I hope it is pleasant there, for that jolly five dance is to-night. Nelson wrote Thelma and wanted to know if she couldn't possibly come down for it. He enclosed an invitation to me. I thank him but wish him to know that I had an invitation even so far back as the first Tuesday evening of vacation. If it is raining I'm glad I can't go, am I not? I couldn't wear my best dress and I wouldn't want to go without it. (some grapes.)

My flowers are all fading, the trip was too much for them, but I liked them while they lasted. Wasn't Betty good to give me her bunch of violets?

Mrs. Stone said to-day there was a bare possibility of Mary Ann coming back. Won't it be great if she does. — I liked your

letter, Poppy, I think you are the most
ingenious person I ever knew - you can
write poetry and draw, and do everything
I showed it to Sarah and she thinks you
must be awfully nice - serious enough
to be a minister and yet can write verse
to your little girl off her. I assured her
she was quite, quite, right.

I must get ready for dinner, so this little
daily talk must come to a close -
I told the girl next to me in Bible about
Bildad the Shubite, Poppy, and it
tickled her most to pieces.

JENNIE
YOUNGEST
MEMBER OF
THE CARY
TRIBE.

SATURDAY and SUNDAY

I thought I'd combine these two days, since it
is so early this morning that nothing has
had time to happen. I came back from Mrs.
Stones at nine o'clock, then made my bed
and threw out my precious flowers. I hated to
but they were all dried up.

Mary is coming back to-morrow to Mrs. Howe
and we are just as happy as can be over it.
We'll end the year well anyway, even if we
have had a disagreeable time the last
terms.

It is raining hard, so we couldn't go to walk
anyway, could we Dick? That is, unless we
could find trees every now and then, and
have harrowing times.

I'm almost scared to send this home, but
since I've written it, I will. Don't waste your
time reading it unless you have nothing
else to do. I won't impose anything like it
on you all again, but if you knew how it
has comforted my homesick feelings to
write it, you'd forgive me. Lots of love. Jennie

CONGRATULATIONS (if some finished it)